

PLAYBOY

A full-page photograph of Farrah Fawcett is the background for the cover. She is lying on her side on a white, rumpled sheet, propped up on her left arm. She has her signature voluminous blonde hair and is looking directly at the camera with a slight, enigmatic smile. She is wearing a black, low-cut, spaghetti-strap top. The background behind her is a warm, golden-yellow color with faint, abstract patterns.

ENTERTAINMENT

JULY 1997 • \$5.95

FARRAH'S

**Naked
Art**

SPECIAL

**INTERVIEW WITH ER'S
ANTHONY EDWARDS**

**A FEMINIST GOES FOR
BIG GAZONGAS**

SEX IN THE THIRTIES

**THE RETURN OF
GEORGE LUCAS**

**CLASSY COOL
CONVERTIBLES**

**A NEW LOOK AT
PLAYMATE FAVORITE
BRANDI BRANDT**

**20Q WITH
JON LOVITZ**





"I'd like to know what the hell it is that you doctors pump through these life-support systems!"

PLAYMATE
REVISITED:

BRANDI BRANDT

ten years later, our favorite rock baby has come of age



Brandi's 1987 centerfold (top left) was the first of many PLAYBOY appearances, including a cover stint as an almost-buttoned-up Wall Streeter for our August 1989 issue (above left). One decade later (above) she remains a market winner. Did time stand still, or what?

SHE WAS JUST 18 when we made her acquaintance and already Brandi was brimming with the energy, passion and charm of someone poised to take on the world. To be sure, the Filipino-German-Irish-Cherokee Californian was destined from the beginning to favor life's express lane: Her mom is veteran Los Angeles rocker Brie Howard, and Brandi's earliest memories include attending an Alice Cooper concert when she was two. So it was no surprise that after spending her teen years in her dad's quieter Sacramento digs, Brandi headed back to Los Angeles—and the spotlight. "I want serious success," she told PLAYBOY in her smashing debut pictorial in October 1987. "I think I have a lot of thrills ahead of me."



These days, being Brandi Brandt is a full-time, whirlwind job. Formerly married to Nikki Sixx of Motley Crue (above), she is the busy mother of three and also a famous personality in her own right. Daughter of L.A. rocker Brie Howard, she hangs out with a string of lucky escorts such as Jon Lovitz (inset).



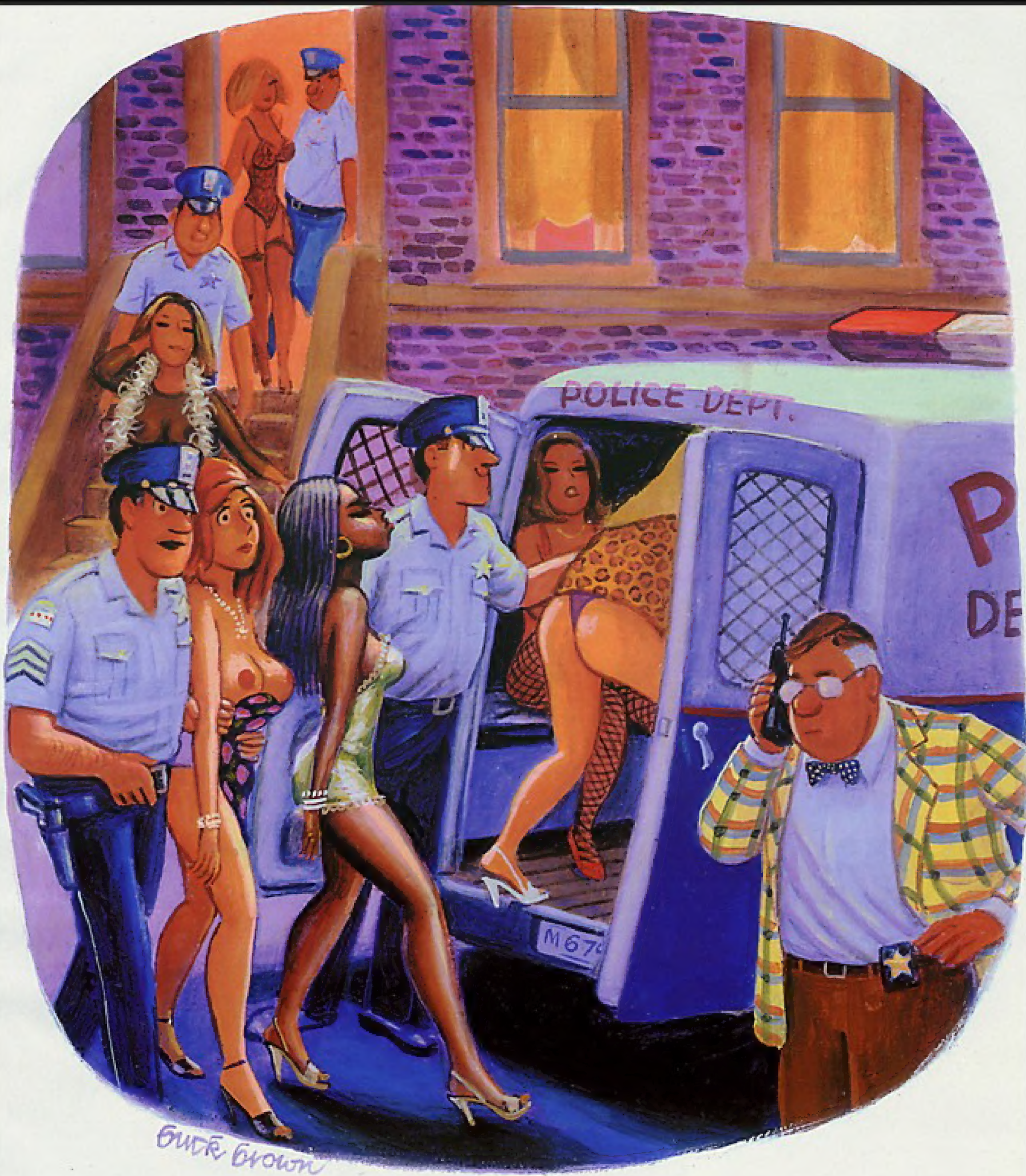












*"OK, so you weren't selling it. How much
rent were you charging?"*



Maybe he was inspired by the anatomy books. Born and raised in Florence, Italy, photographer Guido Argentini studied medicine before junking his human body studies in favor of the real thing. He arrived Stateside in 1992 and be-

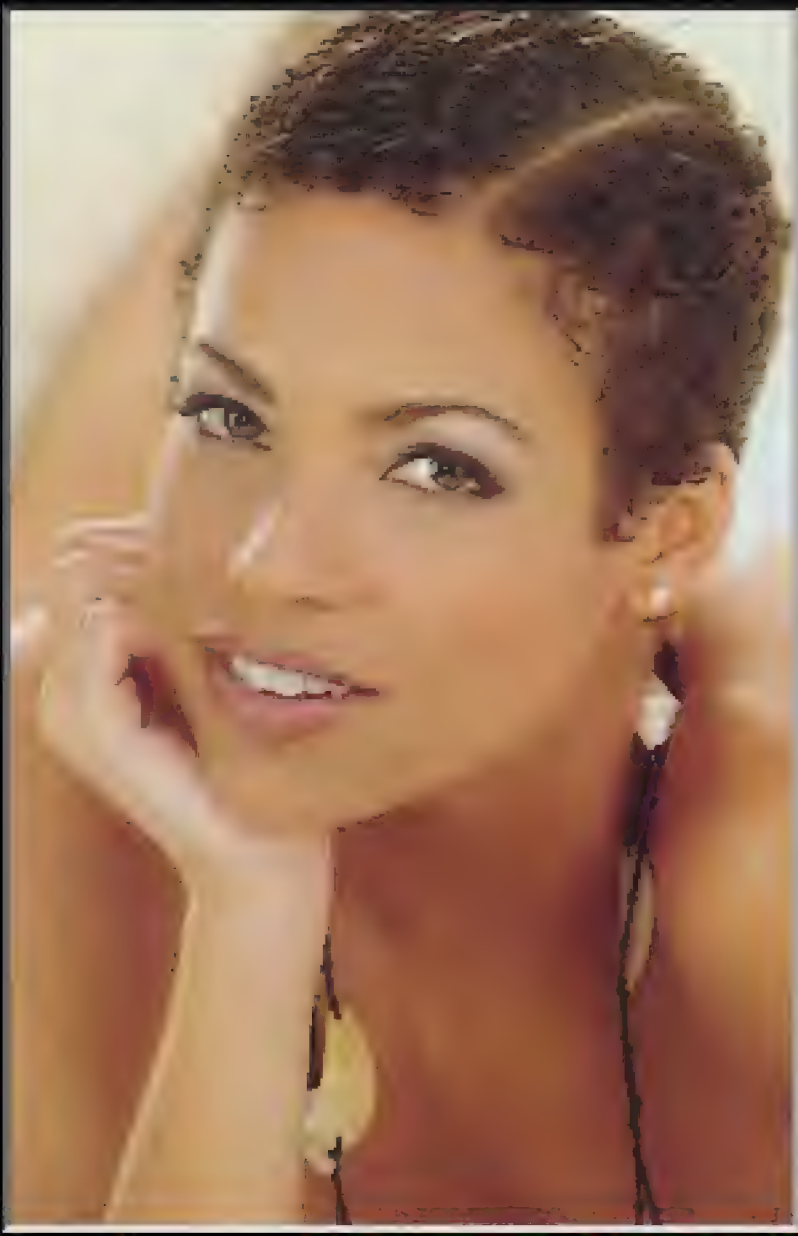
came a master of offbeat naked portraiture. Although his work appears frequently in *Playboy Germany*, this shot—of a Los Angeles actress named Gina Mari—marks his U.S. PLAYBOY debut. Look for a book of nudes from Guido soon.



Interlandi

"Don't toy with me, Adam. I can read you like the good book."



















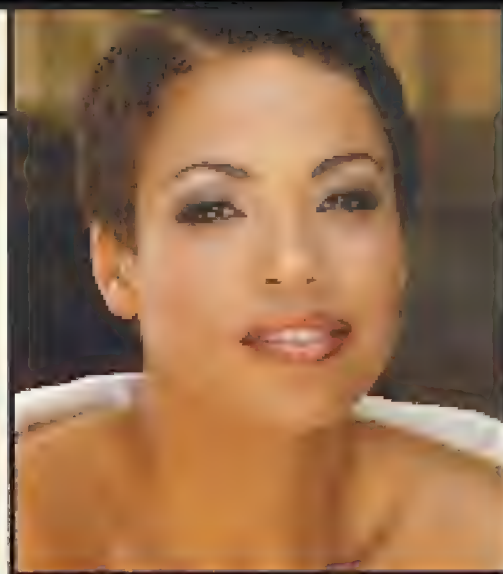
MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Daphne Lyon Duplase

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Daphnee Lynn Duplaix

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'7 1/2 WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 8.18.76 BIRTHPLACE: Manhattan, N.Y.

AMBITIONS: To be recognized as one of the most talented & Sexiest Actresses of all time!

TURN-ONS: Bald heads, Rooftops & Beaches, Boxers (not Briefs), Sense of humor & Authority!

TURNOFFS: Big Egos, Skinny legs, people who don't express their own opinions!

FAVORITE QUOTE: "They're going to talk about me the way they used to talk about Jesus." (The Mack, 1973)

MY FAMILY: Is Mentally Unbalanced, but we all seem to even each other out!

PERSON I'D MOST LIKE TO MEET: Dennis Rodman - He's the male version of me!

MY BEST QUALITY: MY HEART !!!

WORDS TO LIVE BY: JUST DO IT!



The Scholar with my afro puffs!



Look at me now Benson!



Thank God I grew out of that look! (4th grade)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The history teacher outlined an important assignment to the class. In ponderous tones, he stressed that absolutely no excuses for lateness would be accepted, save those for a medically certified illness or a death in the immediate family. A smartass student waved his hand and spoke up. "What about extreme sexual exhaustion, sir?"

The class broke up laughing. When the students settled down, the teacher fixed the disruptive pupil with a stare. "Well," he said, "I guess you'll have to learn to write with your other hand."



One of Microsoft's finest technicians was invited by a colleague to join him at a local firing range. As a first-timer, he was given instructions, a rifle and bullets. He fired several shots at the target, but all attempts missed.

The techie looked at his rifle, then at the target. He put his finger over the end of the barrel and squeezed the trigger with his other hand. The weapon fired, taking most of the techie's finger with it. Hopping up and down in pain, the wounded fellow yelled toward the target area, "It's leaving here just fine! The trouble must be at your end."

The FCC has recently approved standards for high-definition TV. The picture is so clear that you can actually figure out the plots of *The X-Files*.

A patron of a Parisian restaurant studied the menu for a few moments before the waiter came to take his order. "What do you recommend?" the customer asked.

"Oh, the catch of the day, monsieur," the waiter replied. "*C'est magnifique!*"

The diner accepted the suggestion, then quietly read the newspaper until the waiter set his entrée down in front of him with a flourish. "*Bon appétit!*"

A few minutes later, the waiter passed the man's table and thought he saw him speaking to the fish on his plate. He checked again and, sure enough, the fellow was talking to his main course. "*Excusez-moi, monsieur,*" the waiter said, "but I couldn't help noticing that you appear to be talking to the fish."

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I am," the man admitted. "You see, my poor papa jumped off the Pont-Neuf three weeks ago and I was asking the fish if he happened to have seen him."

"Uh-huh," the perplexed waiter said. "And what did the fish say, if I may ask?"

"He said that was not possible," the diner replied, poking his dinner with his fork, "because he has been out of the water longer than my poor papa has been in it!"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A woman complained to her doctor of an embarrassing rash. After she disrobed, the physician was surprised to find a red H on her chest. She explained that her boyfriend, a Harvard grad, liked to put on his letter sweater when they made love. The doctor chalked it up to contact dermatitis and prescribed an ointment.

The next day a woman showed up with a Y on her chest. She explained that her boyfriend went to Yale and liked to put on his letter sweater when they made love.

On the third day a woman appeared with an M on her chest. The doctor, confident of his diagnosis, said, "Let me guess. Your lover went to Michigan."

"Close," she said. "She went to Wellesley."

The lovers were engaging in foreplay when the man suddenly excused himself. He headed for the bathroom, saying, "Keep your motor running, baby. I'll be right back."

"I'll do better than that, sweetheart," she purred. "I'll hold my finger on the starter."

The businessman climbed the steps of his front porch and noticed a snail. He didn't think much of it and went inside the house. The next day he came home and the snail was still there. The man was peeved but went inside again. The third day, the snail was still on the porch. "That's it," the guy thundered, picking it up and throwing it over the roof.

Ten years later the businessman came home to find the same snail back on his porch. The tiny creature looked up at him and said, "What did you do that for?"

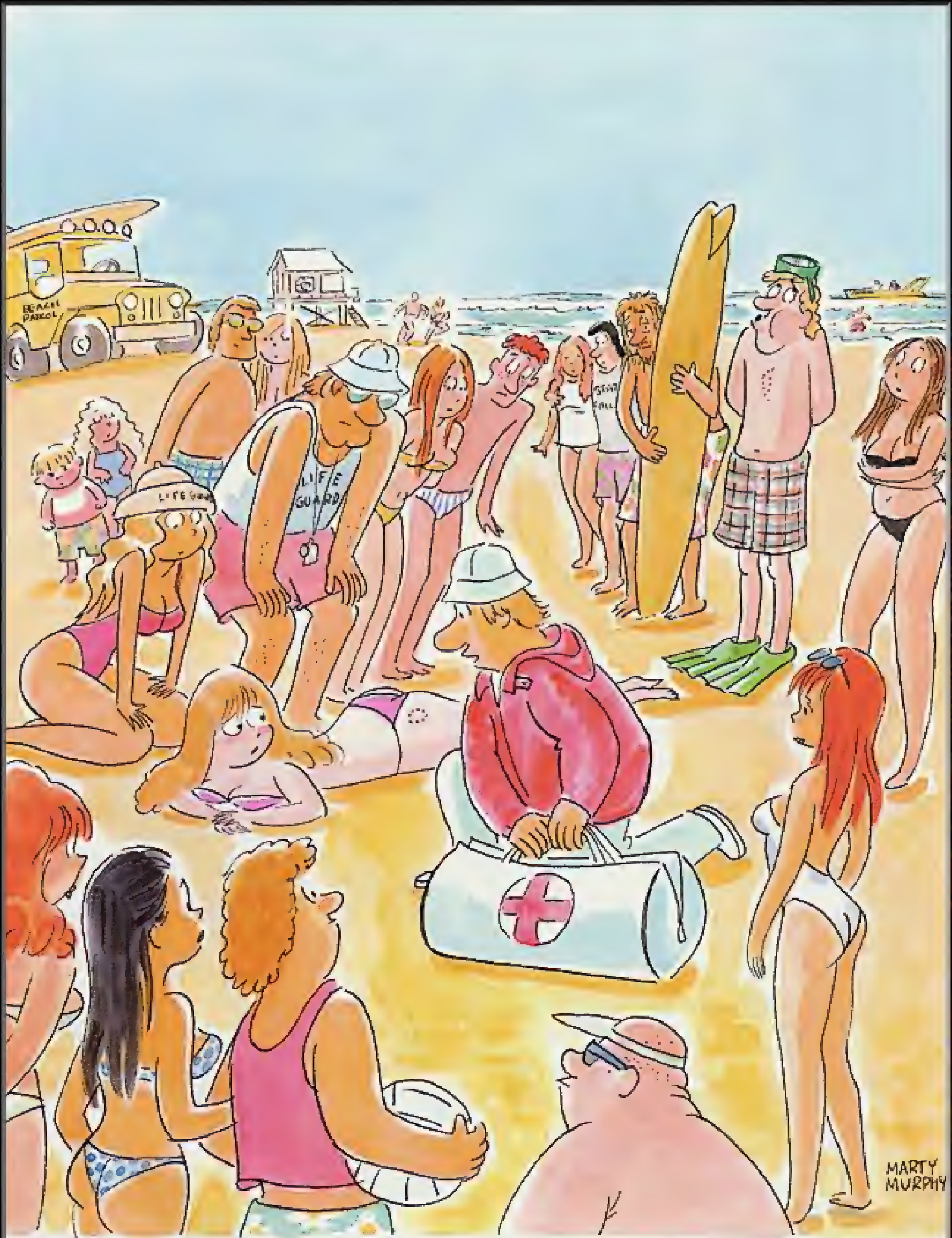


THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Did you hear that Michael Jackson and Tonya Harding are going to buy Churchill Downs? She's going to do the handicapping, and he's going to ride the three-year-olds.

A husband came home and told his wife his wallet had been stolen. She reminded him to cancel his credit card. A few months later she noticed some recent charges on their bill. "Honey, why didn't you cancel the card?" she asked.

"Because, Gloria, he doesn't spend as much as you do."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.



MARTY
MURPHY

*"We can definitely rule out a shark attack. These are
human teeth marks."*

Playboy's History of The Sexual Revolution

HARD TIMES

Part IV 1930-1939

By JAMES R. PETERSEN



You could spend the rest of your life in front of this newsstand. Rack after rack of magazines held in place by long pieces of wire offer fantastic visions of the future, of the past, of the next few hours. The covers are windows on the world of the beautiful and the bold. *Screenland* shows a couple locked in a passionate embrace. *Film Fun* features a sexy starlet on its cover. You stare at a photo of Jean Harlow, the blonde bombshell. Her shimmering nightgown seems to move like a river in moonlight. You think there is nothing on earth as alluring as the sight of nipples under silk. Erect nipples. "Would you be shocked," Harlow had asked in *Hell's Angels*, "if I put on something more comfortable?" Yes, but go right ahead.

God bless lingerie. Models pose provocatively on the covers of *Spicy*

Stories, *Spicy Mystery*, *Spicy Detective Stories*. If they could figure out how to get lingerie on a horse, no doubt there would be something similar on the cover of *Spicy Western*. The editors have to settle for a girl in a revealing peasant blouse. Women with torn dresses and imperiled breasts plead for help on the covers of *Dime Detective*, *Private Detective Stories* and *True Gangster Stories*. There's no doubt about it: Dames spell trouble.

You glance at the woman perusing *True Confession*, *True Story*, *True Romances*, *Modern Romance*. Bernarr Macfadden's pulp empire reaches 7.4 million readers, mostly women, and he's thinking of running for president. *Candid Confessions* suggests a possible platform: "As long as the sex urge is one of the most powerful urges in creation, just so long will we have men and women searching for the love-happiness which is every person's birthright. Some of us find it



through experiences which almost wreck our lives, others by an easier path. All of us are entitled to find our mate."

If only she would look your way. There's a guy at the other end of the rack studying *Apparel Arts* and *Esquire*.

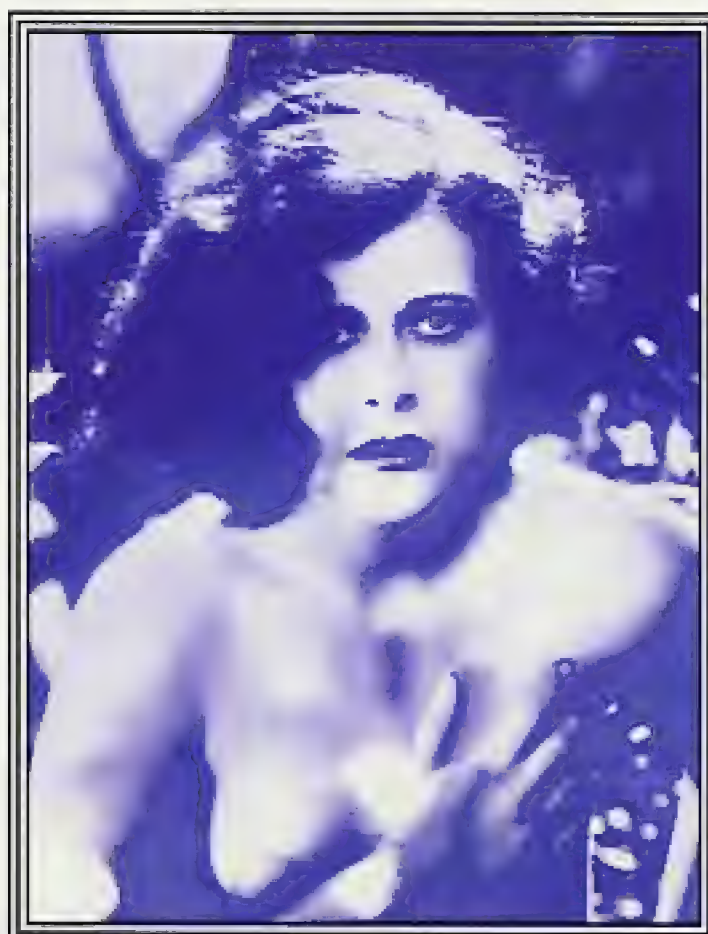
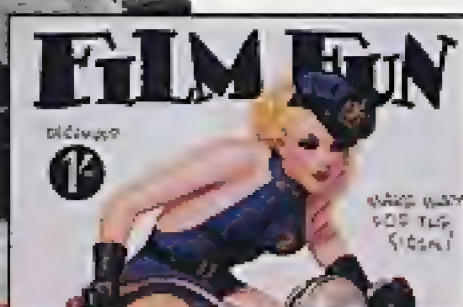
Yeah, a tuxedo's going to look

Prosperity was just around the corner, but which corner? FDR promised recovery (pin above). The Depression would change sex and put the American dream on hold for millions (right).





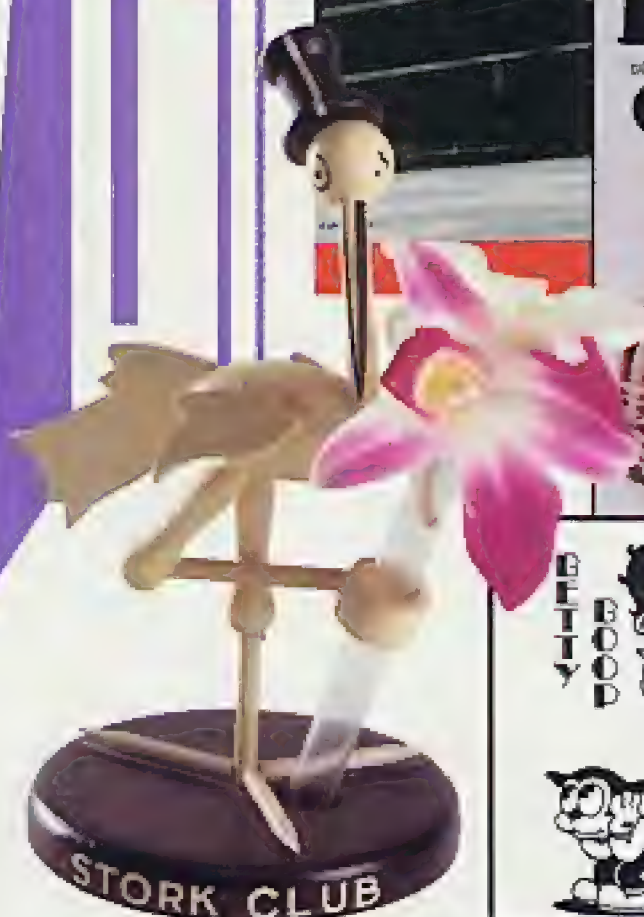
Titillation was the antidote to hard times. The newsstand (left) gave us women in peril, risqué ice-skaters, movie stars, Gold Diggers and Sugar Daddies—even Betty Boop had sex appeal. On film *Ecstasy's* Hedy Lamarr (right) broke all barriers.



great in the breadline. Still, *Esquire* has that Petty Girl, wearing a swimsuit that is as skintight and transparent as a suntan.

If it weren't so crowded you might spend a few moments with the nudes in *Artists and Models*, *Body Beautiful* or *Spotlight: Photo Studies of the Female Form*. The art books present models "selected on account of their supple lines, their artistic naturalness and their beautiful development. They reflect the artistic spirit of feminine beauty in our time."

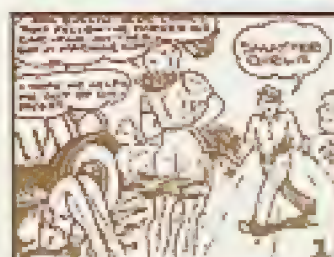
Two bits can buy a world of beauty. Perhaps you should save your money for a movie. The town



The Depression wreaked havoc on relations between men and women. Women turned to sex, while men turned to crime—at least in Hollywood. Jean Harlow (above left) was a wisecracking, hip-swinging sex symbol who played prostitutes and tough girls willing to do anything to survive. Directors churned out gangster epics such as *Scarface* and *Little Caesar*. The battle between the sexes escalated when Jimmy Cagney, fed up with Mae Clarke's nagging, twisted a grapefruit into her face in *The Public Enemy* (above right). When Prohibition ended, speakeasies became swank nightclubs (table decoration from the Stork Club, above) and organized crime moved from bootlegging to other activities. One moral crusade had failed, but reformers still looked askance at sex. J. Edgar Hoover (above center) became the nation's number one vice cop. When not going after bank robbers, he orchestrated arrests for violations of the Mann Act.



Busby Berkeley's stylish musicals featured men in top hats and tails and women in scanty attire (left). To hell with the Hays Office, he seemed to say, sex is what the public wants. Berkeley avoided the censors' wrath, but others weren't so fortunate. Production Code prudes clamped down on Mae West's earthy, innuendo-filled sexual persona. Her tough, independent spirit inspired America. Salvador Dali captured West in a surreal portrait (left). Sally Rand (below) danced nude at the 1933 World's Fair in Chicago. Some 22 million visitors celebrated a Century of Progress. In 1939 she hosted Sally Rand's Nude Ranch at the Golden Gate Exposition in San Francisco. Explicit eight-pagers, called Tijuana bibles, presented the sexual exploits of movie stars, comic strip characters, gangsters and salesmen (above right).



Hollywood did its part: In one film Shirley Temple held a Cabinet post as secretary of entertainment. The golden age of cinema shaped romantic fantasies for the rest of the century. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (above middle) took dance to a new height, combining grace with sex appeal. Screwball comedies such as *My Man Godfrey* and *It Happened One Night* (above) followed the exploits of ditzy socialites. When Clark Gable took off his shirt to reveal a bare chest, it was said that sales of men's undershirts plummeted. The truth of the matter? In the Depression, sales of everything fell, including tickets to movies.

Let's Make Mary

BEING A CENTENNARY GUIDE
TO PICTURES IN THE
10 BEST LAY LIONS



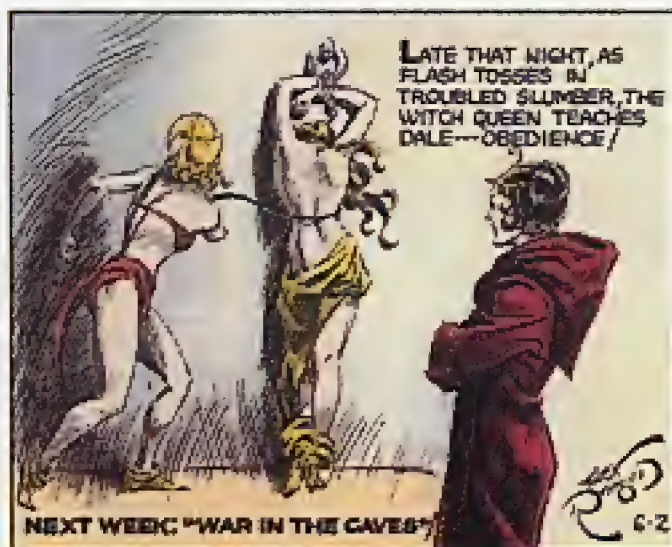
BY JACK HANLEY

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES L. MCGEE

PUBLICITY PHOTO
NEW YORK

Sexuality was everywhere. Let's Make Mary (left) took a satirical look at seduction. By offering a more light-handed approach to

love, Bing Crosby (bottom) became the nation's most popular crooner. King Kong (right) championed a more direct form of courtship. (The film ran into trouble with censors, who cut scenes of Kong peeling off Fay Wray's clothing.) Even the Sunday funnies could be risqué, as a panel from Flash Gordon (below) shows. The New York World's Fair of 1939 promised that technology would create the World of Tomorrow (far right). A special amusement area featured topless models cavorting and posing in underwater sets.



LATE THAT NIGHT, AS FLASH TOSSES IN TROUBLED SLUMBER, THE WITCH QUEEN TEACHES DALE—OBEDIENCE!

NEXT WEEK: "WAR IN THE CAVES"

theaters offer Cagney and Harlow, Powell and Lombard, Fred and Ginger, Gable and Garbo, Gable and Crawford, Gable and Harlow. Or maybe the latest from Mae West.

You go to the movies to escape, to learn good moves, to memorize good lines. Because now the

movies talk, and sing and dance as well. You watch elegant couples swirl across beautiful rooms, rooms that never seem to have furniture, only huge sweeping staircases, and servants, dozens of servants.

You enter a movie palace, where the air you breathe is



"I'm not going for that servant any longer. It seems I took the consumer's mind entirely off the product!"

If Superman (below) was every man's alter ego, then the Petty Girl (left) was the feminine equivalent. She was al-



most always on the phone, almost always unclothed and generally in a state of heightened desire. She graduated from cartoon to gatefold in 1939. Cab Calloway (right) and other big band leaders brought a new energy called swing to raise spirits.



cooled by refrigeration, where the theater owner stages grand giveaways, where your date's heart races to the same dreams of wild love, elegant parties, reckless adventures and happy endings.

When you leave the theater, there's dust in the air and someone is selling apples on the street.

In 1933, Nathanael West will capture a similar moment in his book *Miss Lonelyhearts*: "He saw a man who appeared to be on the verge of death stagger into a movie theater that was showing a picture called *Blonde Beauty*. He saw a ragged woman pick a love story magazine out of a garbage can and seem very excited by her find."

We were living on dreams.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

The bottom had dropped out of the stock market in October 1929. In the space of a few weeks \$30 billion had disappeared, \$30 billion worth of giddy optimism, irrational speculation and greed. At first, some people tried to explain the crash as some kind of Darwinian justice, or as God's wrath in response to avarice. The Crash was simply a correction. Those who were going to jump had already jumped.

The flapper disappeared. Hemlines dropped and the nation adopted a new sobriety. College girls wore conservative clothes, men gave up raccoon coats and rah-rah gestures for traditional Ivy League attire. Economics and politics replaced sex as the topics of late-night bull sessions.

The country and its government seemed to be paralyzed, watching helplessly as banks failed and businesses disappeared. Mortgage lenders foreclosed on farms, houses and dreams. For want of a single payment, the future vanished.

The joyous dance craze of the Twenties turned into a grueling sideshow industry, where couples held each other in monthlong marathons, trying to keep moving in return for free food and the chance to win a prize. In Horace McCoy's dark novel *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* the dancehall becomes a purgatory of exhausted souls, and one dancer helps his partner commit suicide.

Americans stood in line for food, for the chance of work, for a place to sleep. By 1932, eight million Americans were unemployed—one out of every five persons in the labor force, one out of every seven adults. Sure, there were people whistling *Happy Days Are Here Again*, but the real anthems were *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?* and *Love for Sale*. Scarcity turned sex into a commodity; it destroyed both dignity and desire. Yet even here there was a dou-

ble standard. We could forgive Gold Diggers, but not beggars.

In the Twenties, couples did not consider marriage until the breadwinner was making \$40 per week. In 1933 the average salary was about half that. If statistics can convey the death of romance, consider these: The marriage rate fell from 10.1 per 1000 members of the population in 1929 to 7.9 in 1932. The birthrate fell from 18.9 in 1929 to 16.5 in 1933.

Those who had been America's heroes in 1918 were now the country's outcasts—forgotten men. A ragtag army of World War One veterans gathered in Washington to ask for early payment of a promised war bonus. They erected their own shantytown and called it Hooverville. The president and Congress ignored them until July 28, 1932, when President Herbert Hoover ordered General Douglas MacArthur to send in troops. Saber-wielding cavalry cleared the capital. Yesterday's manhood was not worth the blood in which it had been written.

America became a nation of transients: Almost a million hoboes and hitchhikers roamed the country by 1933, some 200,000 of them adolescents. The women dressed in men's clothing to avoid the kind of trouble their older sisters once sought with reckless abandon.

Poverty laid bare the ugly, brutal demons that lurked at the edge of the American dream. Two observers noted a rebirth of prejudice, a wariness toward outsiders. "Nerves too long frayed by unemployment and the humiliation of relief may again be finding a way to punish one's neighbor for the wrongs one's institutional world has done to one." In desperate times, people took comfort in conformity, an almost superstitious need to huddle together with "people like us"—and to hunt for and persecute scapegoats.

Near Scottsboro, Alabama police arrested nine black youths riding on a freight train after an altercation with white youths. The blacks had thrown the whites off the train.

Searching a boxcar, the police found two white girls. A doctor examined the girls and found traces of semen, but no signs of rape. The prosecution didn't care. As one historian noted, "Rape and rumors of rape became a kind of acceptable folk pornography in the Bible Belt." The girls, perhaps afraid of being arrested for vagrancy or prostitution, cooperated with the prosecution. Outside the courtroom, 10,000 whites gathered to ensure justice. The prosecutor asked the examining physician if the semen he had found belonged to a white man or a black man. In the first trial a state's attorney held

up cotton panties and demanded the protection of Southern womanhood. By the fourth trial, the panties had, miraculously, turned to silk.

Eight of the nine defendants were sentenced to death, igniting a national scandal. Although the Supreme Court eventually overturned the convictions, the Scottsboro boys would spend an aggregate of 130 years in jail.

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The signs of crisis were everywhere, but it was not easy to derail a great nation. Those with faith in America—or with enough wealth to live beyond the grasp of the Depression—were still building. A group of investors including Pierre Du Pont and Al Smith raised \$52 million to construct the Empire State Building, then the tallest in the world. The project took less than a year to complete; 48 workers died in the process, but the finished spire loomed over the city. They called it Al Smith's last erection. An enterprising businessman painted an ad on the roof of a nearby building: BUY YOUR FURS FROM FOX. The ad would not reach many eyes. Only a quarter of the office space had been rented.

A reporter attending the opening found a crude mural drawn in pencil by one of the workers in an empty loft on the 55th floor: "A towering masculine figure is seen fornicating, *Venere aversa*, with a stooping female figure who has no arms but pendulous breasts. The man is exclaiming, 'O Man!' Further along is a gigantic vagina with its name in four large letters under it."

At the pinnacle of man's endeavor—pornography, the great equalizer.

THE NEW DEAL

In November 1932 the people of America elected Franklin Delano Roosevelt in a landslide. FDR promised a New Deal and the end of Prohibition. On taking office, the new president told the nation: "This great nation will endure as it has endured, will revive and will prosper. The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

FDR gave his blessing to the 1933 Chicago World's Fair, an event dedicated to a Century of Progress. A ray of light from the star Arcturus actuated a switch that turned on the lights of the glittering pavilions along the shore of Lake Michigan. More than 22 million visitors came to the fair in its first year, crowding the Hall of Science, the recreation of a Mayan temple and a midget village. But by far the most popular attraction was a blonde fan dancer named Sally Rand. The young woman, who admitted to being

(continued on page 136)

America was discovering that poverty had the same power to change sex as prosperity.

destitute until "she took off her pants," danced naked behind ostrich plumes and a giant opaque balloon.

Nudity, it seems, was the symbol of progress. Titillation, the power to divert public attention away from the unthinkable, would become a national resource. (Indeed, FDR's National Recovery Administration went so far as to dictate how many striptease acts could be performed in an evening of burlesque in New York. The figure: four.)

As dust gathered in the wind, as the floodwaters rose, we looked for escape.

America was discovering that poverty had the same power to change sex as prosperity. Where one gave permission, the other created a desperate indifference, or a fear that change might lead to chaos. The battle between the sexes, once fought for equality and respect, now was a struggle for survival.

THE END OF PROHIBITION

What had been perceived as a moral crusade and called the Noble Experiment had become a national joke. With FDR came the repeal of Prohibition. The transition from dry to wet was a time of celebration. What had been naughty now bordered on the respectable. The gangsters who had peered through peepholes and listened for passwords now took reservations. Speakeasies became fashionable nightclubs such as the 21, El Morocco, the Cotton Club and the Stork Club. Runrunners and respectable businessmen built art deco bars and restaurants and Café Society was born. At the Stork Club, a haunt frequented by gangsters and G-men alike, J. Edgar Hoover hung out with Walter Winchell, whose syndicated gossip column and radio broadcasts reached 30 million Americans a week.

Alcohol was no longer government business. If you had a problem with booze, you could join the newly created Alcoholics Anonymous. Former liquor control agents such as Harry Anslinger would have to create a new threat, reefer madness, to stay employed.

The end of Prohibition didn't mean the end of organized crime. The gangsters simply turned to other endeavors, among them extortion, gambling and prostitution. Al "Scarface" Capone took the fall in Chicago on an income tax rap, but Charles "Lucky" Luciano made the Mob in New York into a national syndicate—with himself as the

boss of bosses. He seemed beyond the reach of the law, until an enterprising assistant D.A. noticed that all the prostitutes who came through court had the same lawyer, same bail bondsman and same sad story. Investigation revealed an organized sex trade that netted \$12 million a year. Luciano allegedly ran more than 200 houses of ill repute, an affront that could not be overlooked. Where the Mafia might adhere to a code of silence, the women they hired did not. One prostitute testified that she had been Luciano's personal property, that she had sat in his bedroom while he organized the prostitution ring, listening to incriminating phone calls between sex acts. Prosecutor Thomas Dewey sent the father of organized crime up the river on a sex charge.

BOOK BURNING

By the Thirties the entire culture had become sexual. An editorial in the November 25, 1931 *Nation* advised "permitting grown-ups to decide for themselves what books they shall buy, what plays they shall see and even what pictures of undressed females they shall look upon."

It was not to be. In times of economic chaos, the need for control focused on the erotic.

Other nations, facing the same upheaval, viewed sex and sexual expression as the roots of disorder. Hitler's thugs ransacked the Berlin Institute of Sexual Science and destroyed the works of Magnus Hirschfeld. Hitler suppressed Theodoor van De Velde's pioneering sex manual *Ideal Marriage*—a book that had gone through 42 printings in Germany between 1926 and 1933. On May 10, 1933, 5000 Nazis started a bonfire that would consume a culture. Building a pyre in front of the University of Berlin, students put to the torch volumes by Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann, Karl Marx, H.G. Wells, Ernest Hemingway, Havelock Ellis, Margaret Sanger and Sigmund Freud. (Freud dwelt on "the animal qualities of human nature," cried one of the book burners.)

In *Purity in Print*, Paul Boyer tells how a Nazi historian justified the purge: "The fire is to us the sign and symbol of an inflexible will to purity. The nests of corruption shall be destroyed and the haunts of degeneration purified. Youth, prizing its human

dignity, presses forward to the light, to the sun. O thou eternal longing of the soul to be free from degrading smut and trash!"

America looked at those flames and recoiled. More than 100,000 people in New York City and 50,000 in Chicago marched in protest of the Nazi book burnings.

John Sumner, who had inherited Anthony Comstock's New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, quietly removed the group's symbol—a top-hatted gentleman tossing a pile of books onto a bonfire—from the annual report. Sumner began to withdraw from the censorship crusade, noting that perhaps Comstock had been "somewhat of a religious fanatic who also loved notoriety."

Not everyone in America was opposed to censorship. There were those who heard the phrase "banned in Boston" and felt civic pride. Bluenoses in New England blacklisted Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* and Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, while Detroit censors protected citizens from Casanova's *Mémoires* and Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not*.

In 1930 Congress had passed the Smoot-Hawley Tariff. A last-minute amendment gave U.S. Customs the power to ban obscene books or items. Senator Reed Smoot, like Comstock before him, had thrown a "senatorial stag party." Legislators leered over contraband copies of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the *Kama Sutra* and Frank Harris' *My Life and Loves*. Lust was a foreign product, a foreign idea that should be kept from American shores. Apparently, there's nothing like sex to obscure a lawmaker's memory of the Bill of Rights. (The nonsexual parts of the Smoot-Hawley bill, intended to ease the effects of the Depression, actually cost the nation nearly \$2 billion a month in lost trade opportunities, and was generally credited with contributing to the economic chaos that led to World War Two.)

In the same year that the Nazis burned books, Morris Ernst, the general counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union, defied U.S. Customs by trying to bring a copy of James Joyce's *Ulysses* into the country. In December 1933 Judge John Munro Woolsey ruled that the book did not "stir the sex impulses." Nowhere could he find "the leer of the sensualist." Within weeks, 33,000 Americans bought—and were baffled by—Joyce's literary lust.

U.S. Customs did not readily relinquish its role as guardian of American morals, however. In 1934 it would ban Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, a ribald description of the writer's life in Paris.

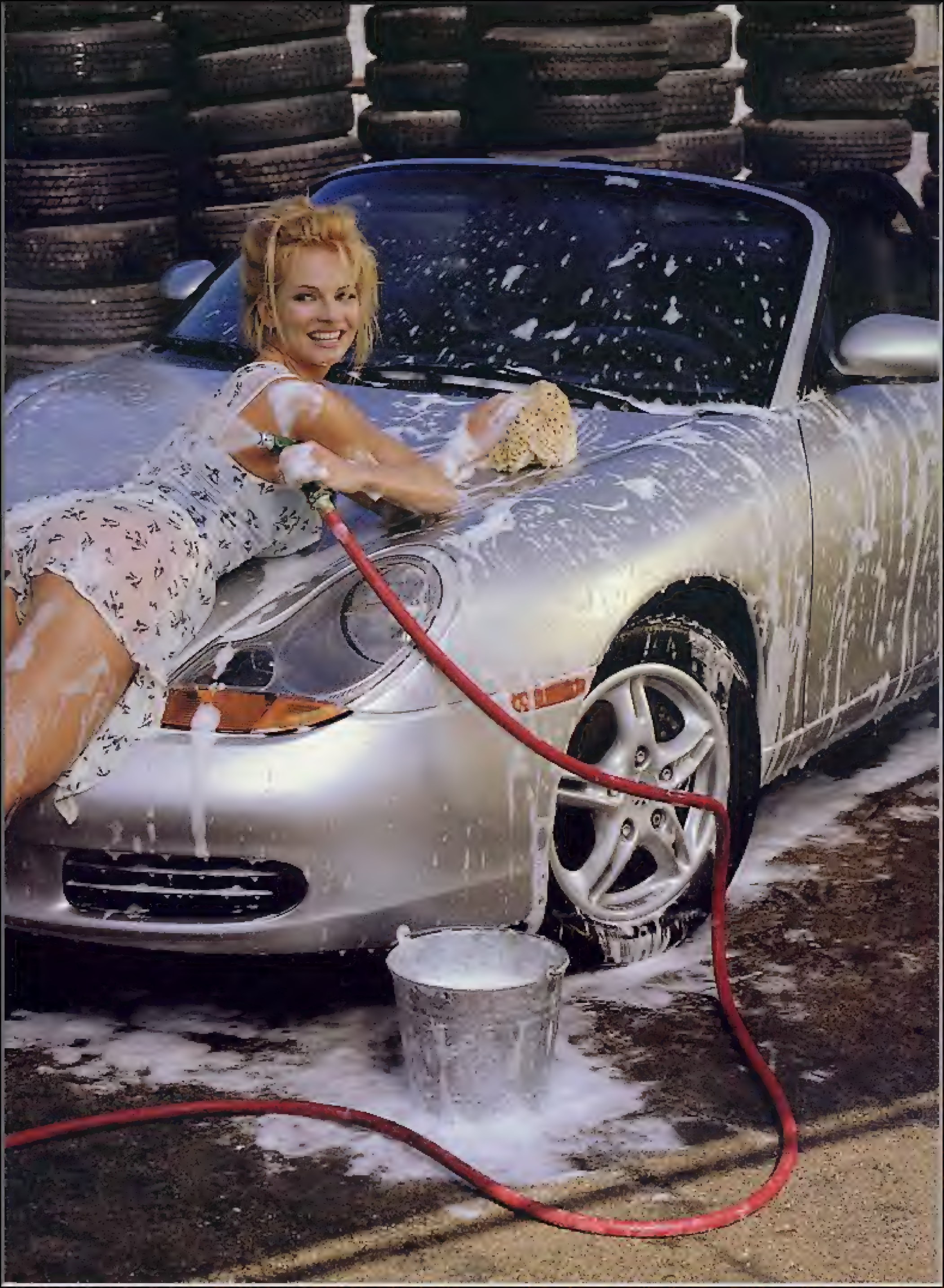


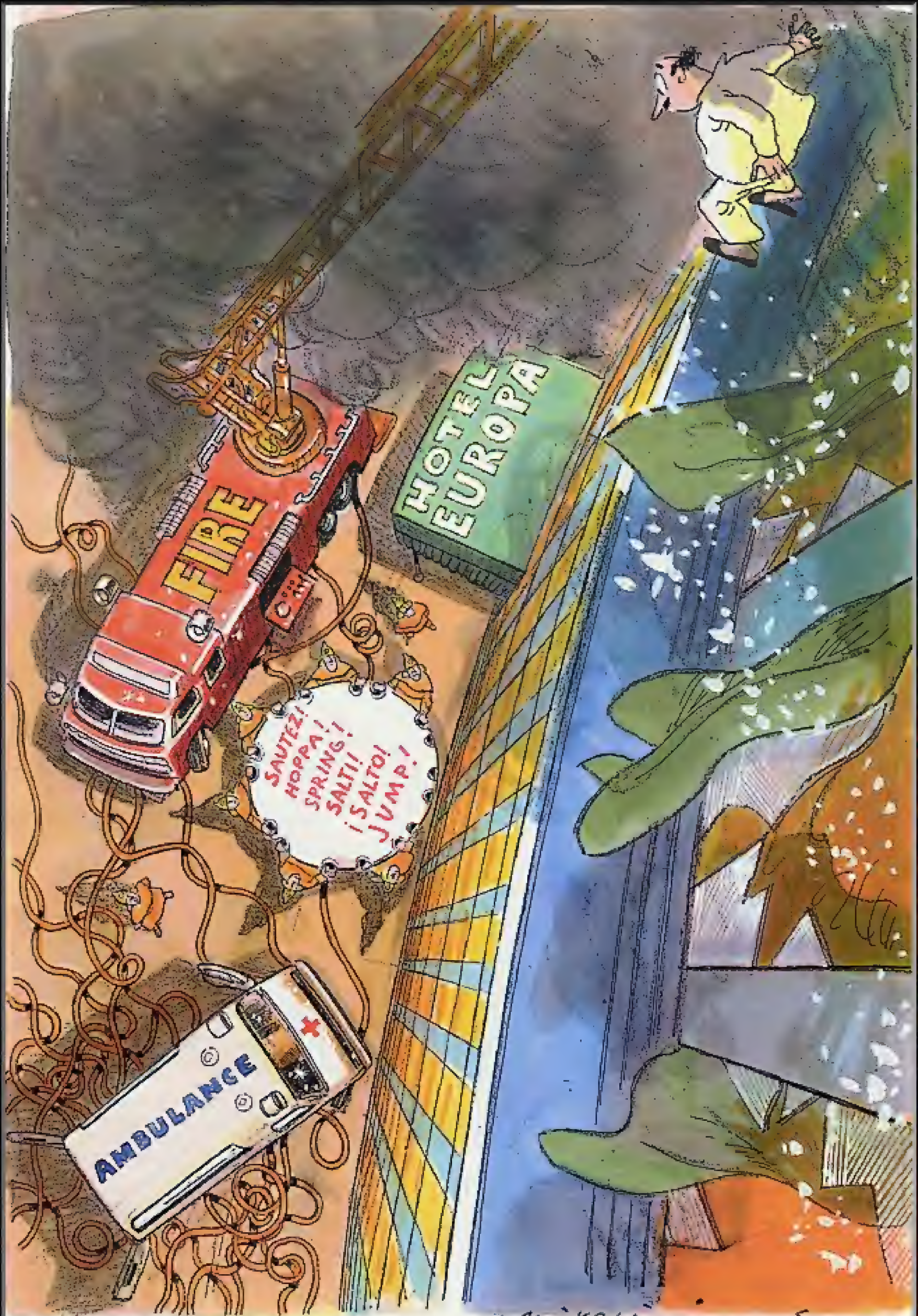
"What are the chances of that warm front of yours moving over to my apartment later?"

the roadster has returned in varied shapes and shades—welcome back to the fold

Drop Your Top









farrah

All of Me



ction painting? Well, there was Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning and Franz Kline and, um, Farrah Fawcett. Actually, Miss Fawcett, the foxiest action painter in art history, came onto the scene considerably later, but there's no question her paintings involve an enormous amount of action. So much action, in fact, that in this case the creative process is at least as picturesque as the pictures themselves.

By GLENN O'BRIEN

Farrah's artistic influence is the infinitely hip French artist Yves Klein (1928-1962), the painter who used the unclothed female body to apply paint to canvas. In 1960 Klein created his *Anthropometrie* series using nude models as brushes, swathing them in his signature pigment, International Klein Blue, and dragging them across canvases to the accompaniment of his own musical composition, the *Monotone Symphony*.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM HAWKES



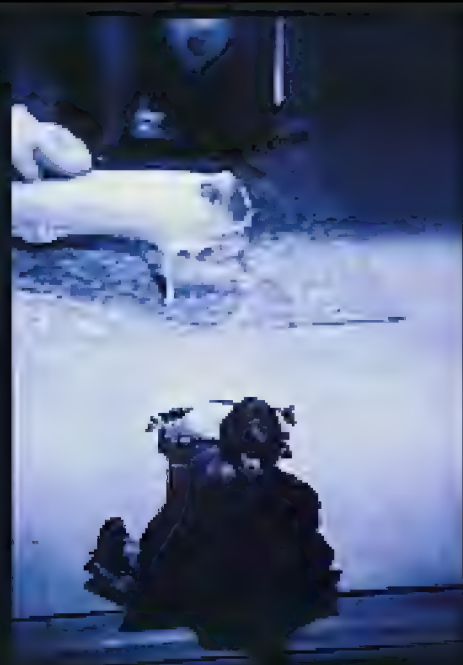
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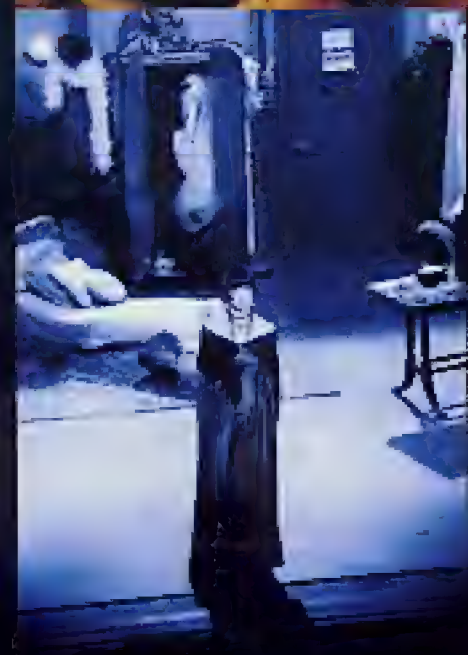
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he results were a remarkable combination of sophisticated abstract gesture, primitive eroticism and urbane wit.

At the time, many people derided the flamboyant Klein as a publicity seeker who was mocking true art. But in retrospect Klein seems like a prophet—being, perhaps, the first artist to realize that the creative act could be an erotic act as well as a successful and witty publicity stunt, without losing its validity or power. Klein realized that painting was meeting stiff competition from livelier arts such as film and television, and he saw that one way the fine artist could continue to compete was to get sexy.

*“Acting
is standing
up naked
and
turning
around
very slowly.”*







Farrah Fawcett seems to be another artist who has realized that sex and painting and publicity are a heady mixture, as you'll notice here. Fawcett is a trained artist. She studied sculpture and painting as an art major at the University of Texas before she embarked on her acting career. Over the years she has been busy, as an actress and a mother, but she has always kept her hand in art and has never lost her touch.

Her home in Bel Air, a two-house compound high in the hills, is filled with art, much of it her own creations. There's an interesting selection from other artists, too, including a portrait of Farrah by Andy Warhol. (There's also a framed dinner napkin, doodled and signed by Warhol, in the powder room.) The compound has two studio spaces filled with her modeled-in-clay busts and recent body paintings. Her studio doesn't look like that of a Sunday painter. It's a real work space, with brushes lying around, stretchers stacked against walls, and notes, photos and drawings taped everywhere. It's obvious that if she had taken another career path, that of fine artist, she has the talent and the skill to have made it. Her early figurative paintings show a classical proficiency and her sculptures—heads and torsos—show a genuine feeling for the human form. And though Farrah hasn't worked at her art steadily, you can tell it has been much on her mind throughout her life.

"I've wanted to do body painting ever since I was at the University of Texas in 1968," says the very fine artist (who looks more like she was born in 1968). "I played around with a little body painting then. I wasn't interested in painting my body, in being a living canvas. I wanted to use my body as a brush, to actually paint with parts of my body."





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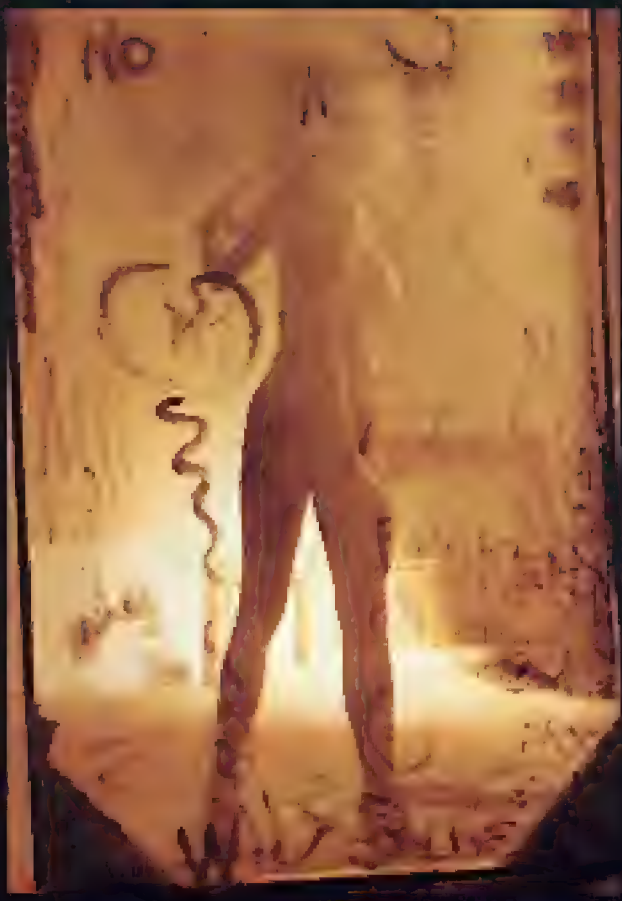
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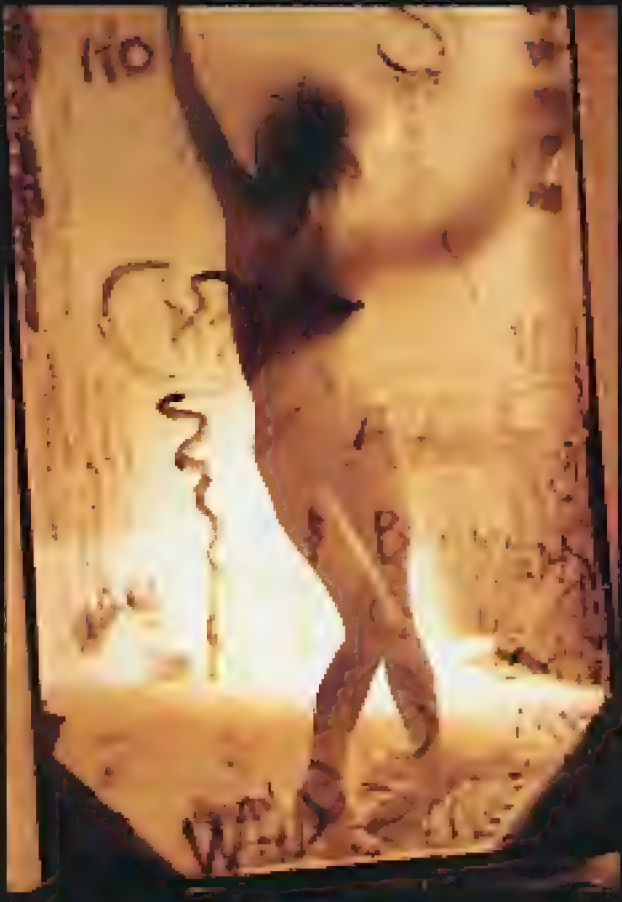
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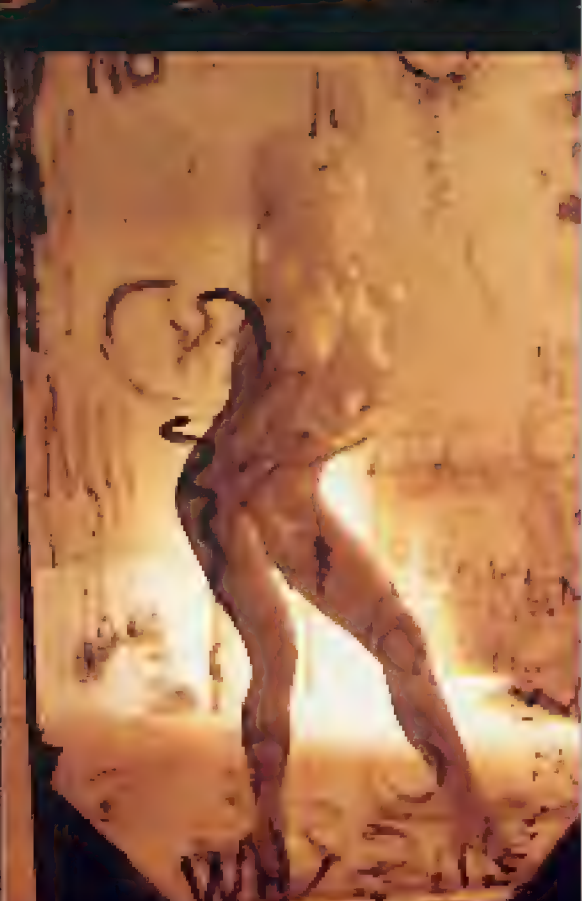
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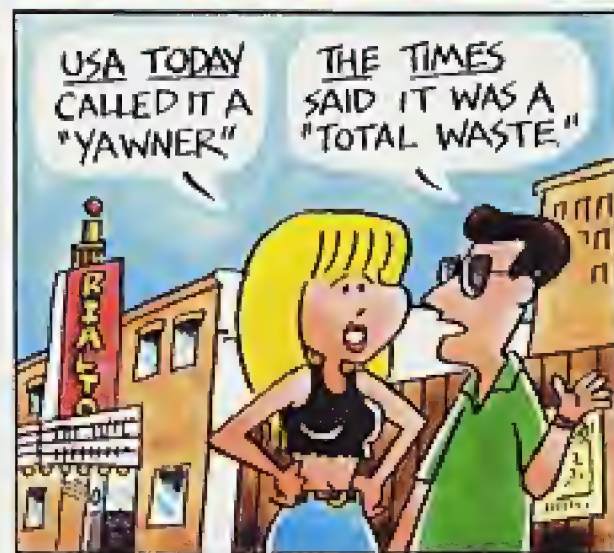
Don Madden



*"Odd how things work, isn't it?
All I did was answer yes to the company's medical questionnaire,
'Are you sexually active?'"—now here I am,
having dinner with the CEO!"*

Saturday Nite Live

BY BILL JOHNSON



PLAYMATE NEWS



JENNY HITS THE (JACK)POT

Could we have predicted the future for Miss October 1993 and 1994's Playmate of the Year, Jenny McCarthy? Maybe. We knew she was a beauty with a fiery personality even before MTV discovered her comedic capabilities and every magazine in

advantage of this, judging by his recent interview with Hef. Just when things began to get interesting, Hef was cut off, leaving me disappointed."
—Peggy Wilkins
mozart@uchicago.edu

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — JULY

Pamela Anderson—Miss February 1990 will be 30 on July 1.
Karla Conway—Miss April 1966 will be 51 on July 5.
Bebe Buell—Miss November 1974 will be 44 on July 14.
Gloria Walker—Miss June 1956 will be 60 on July 16.
Suzi Schott—Miss August 1984 will be 36 on July 19.

"Kudos to Jenny McCarthy for her new comedy show. From the campy title sequence bits to the skit with the Muppet-like creatures who stare at her breasts, the show is definitely a hit. Jenny doesn't mind poking fun at herself, and I have new respect for her as a physical comedian."
—Mike Cristel
alecto@petchem1.wustl.edu

CAROL VITALE:

"I knew what I wanted to be when I grew up—the boss."

SOMETHING EXTRA

Demi Moore did it first on the cover of *Vanity Fair*. Now Miss November 1988 Pia Reyes (right) does it in a more revealing book. Photographer Mary Ann Halpin blows the lid off our perceptions of pregnancy in *Pregnant Goddesshood* (General Publishing). The sexy photographs feature various pregnant women in fantasy settings, as butterflies, mermaids and even a boxer. It turns out that Pia's makeup for this photo shoot was done by none other than Miss January 1990 Peggy McIntaggart,

PLAYMATES 101: POSING FOR PLAYBOY

How does PLAYBOY choose a Playmate?

A woman sends in her own photo or her friend or partner does. Some Playmates are discovered by photographers. Test shots are taken of likely candidates, and Hef makes the final decision.

How much are Playmates paid to pose?

Playmates earn \$20,000 and the Playmate of the Year garners an additional \$100,000 plus prizes.

How many Playmate photos does PLAYBOY own?

Millions.

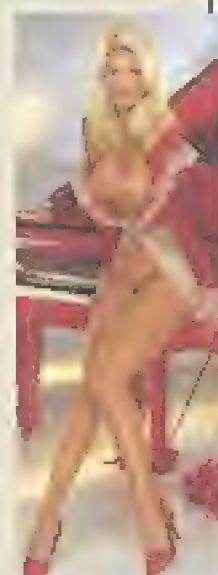
Who is "the girl next door"?

That's the phrase Hef used to describe the kind of woman he wanted in the magazine, and, in July 1955, Janet Pilgrim was the first.

How do applicants get photos to PLAYBOY?

Applicants should send us recent color photos, preferably nude, including full-figure and face shots. You must send proof of age and be at least 18. Send them to the attention of the Playmate Editor at the magazine.

who is expecting twins. Look for these goddesses in your bookstore in October.



Victoria Silvstedt



Candie's

with Jenny McCarthy in her Candie's shoes campaign

America put her on its cover. It's her sense of humor that produced recent cheers and jeers because of her toilet-themed ad campaign for Candie's shoes. *Vogue* and *Cosmo* refused to run the ads of her sitting on the throne. They didn't find them funny. But Jenny does. So does Candie's, which renewed its contract with McCarthy. We think the shots are charmin.

PMOY READER FAVORITES

Victoria Silvstedt wowed our readers, but they also loved (1) Jennifer Allan (Miss September), (2) Kona Carmack (Miss February), (3) Angel Boris (Miss July), (4) Gillian Bonner (Miss April), (5) Shauna Sand (Miss May) and (6) Karin Taylor (Miss June).

FAN MAIL

"Hef has had unique experiences, a rich life and a wide perspective as a bachelor, husband, father, publisher and editor. He made his dreams come true. However, *Politically Incorrect's* host, Bill Maher, didn't seem to take

VICTORIA'S NOT SO SECRET

Miss September 1963 Victoria Valentino publishes the *Centerfold Sweethearts* newsletter. She also has a Web site, classiccenterfold.com, for

fans and collectors. Check the Web site or write to *Centerfold Sweethearts* at P.O. Box 12324 in La

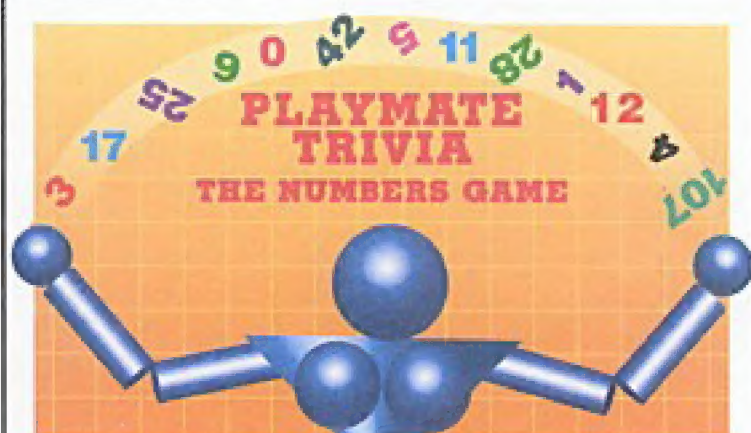
Crescenta, California 91224-5324. The newsletter, \$30 for a year, includes updates on Playmates (many of whom have their own e-mail and post office addresses),

photos and information about past Glamourcons. Valentino's newsletter complements the recently formed Centerfold Alumni Association by keeping track of Playmate activities and bringing the women together in a fan-friendly letter. For fans, more news is good news.



Victoria yesterday and today

CAROL KUBER HALL/SON



The number of Playmates who

- have been Playmates more than once: 4
- have been pictured in the bath or shower: 51
- have posed with a bunny: 2
- have mentioned Mom on their Data Sheet: 30
- have said they'd like to win an Oscar: 7
- have appeared in a pictorial with a tractor: 1
- are "former" Playmates: 0

COLLECTOR'S CORNER

We are frequently asked what old copies of *PLAYBOY* are worth. Much depends on the condition and date of the issue. The first two issues are generally valued at \$1000 and up. Mint-

KATHY SHOWER:

"Movie producers were always teasing me about my name, saying, 'I think of you every morning.' Those guys never got my number."

PLAYMATE NEWS

condition first issues have sold for between \$6000 and \$10,000, but those are scarce these days.

There is a Playboy Collector's Association, founded in 1987 by longtime reader Tom Bonner, that shares info on old issues and memorabilia. For details, write to Bonner at P.O. Box 653, Phillipsburg, Missouri 65722-0653 and include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

If you want to buy back issues of the magazine, Playboy Products sells them at 800-423-9494. Availability is limited for magazines dated September 1962 to December 1966, and we can't help you with anything earlier than that. For those, you'll need to find a dealer of used or rare books. Or you can have a heart-to-heart with your dad or granddad. If a picture is still worth a thousand words, point your browser to www.playboy.com and gaze to your heart's content.

QUOTE UNQUOTE

"The most fun part of being Playmate of the Year was going to colleges as a spokesperson for *PLAYBOY*. We did a lot of traveling. It was strange to sign autographs for students older than I was. Also, Hef's parties were lots of fun. Hefner is such a nice person, and he treated all of us with respect. He protected us, and I will always remember those days fondly."—CHRISTA SPECK, Miss September 1961, PMOY 1962



"I traded the car I won as Playmate of the Year for a Volkswagen. The prize car was lovely, with power brakes and steering, but it was bright frosted pink. Naturally, everyone who saw me in it would point and try to follow me. But before I sold the car, I had it painted English racing green and that helped a little. But it still had those chrome wire wheels and a bright white interior."—DONNA MICHELLE, Miss December 1963, PMOY 1964



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Pamela Anderson Lee's next movie, *Dumped*, co-stars Tia Carrere. It's the story of two sexy

Hollywood types who get dumped. Look for it in the fall. . . . *PLAYBOY* and Redken 5th Avenue teamed up with eveningwear designer Cesar Galindo for his fall 1997 collection. For the first time ever, eight Playmates modeled Galindo's clothes: Miss May 1997 Lynn Thomas; 1995 Playmate of the Year Julie Cialini; Miss August 1995 Rachel Jeán Marteen; Miss April 1995 Danelle Foltz; Miss October 1994 Victoria Zdrok; 40th Anniversary Playmate Anna-Marie Goddard; Miss September 1992 Morena Corwin and Miss November 1992 Stephanie Adams. . . . Playmate of



The Tenison twins' calendar

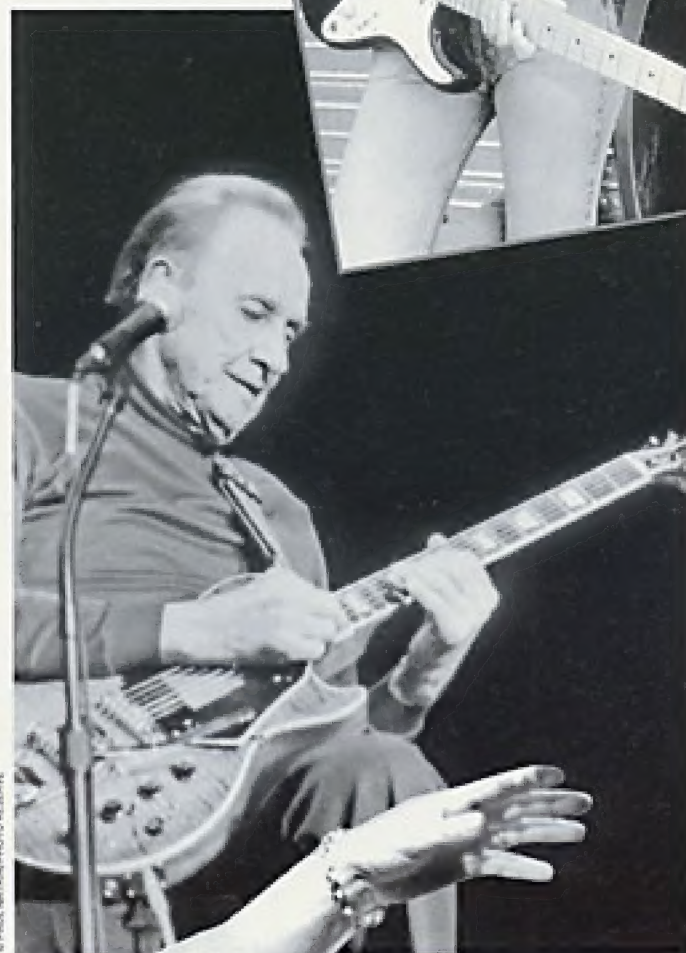
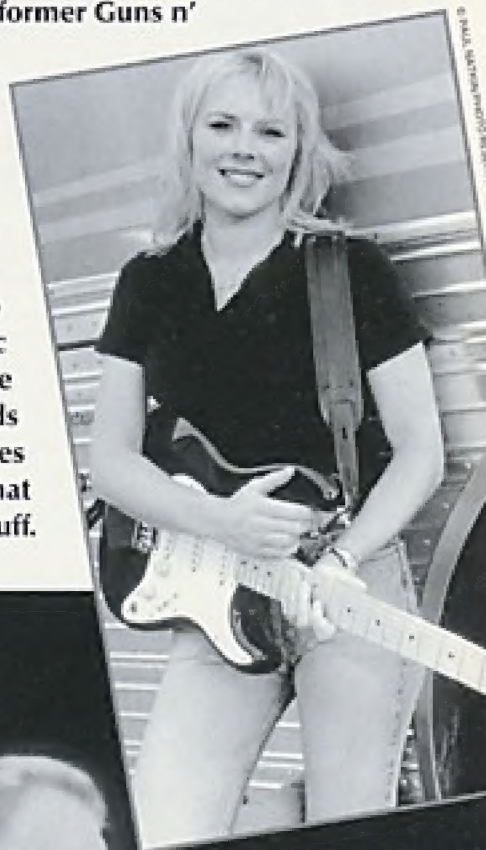
the Year 1990 Renee Tenison and her twin sister, actress Rosie, have a 1998 calendar that's available next month. Call 800-365-YEAR to order. . . . *PLAYBOY*'s Tax Day promotion for Playboy TV was staged at eight city post offices with Playmates at each location. . . . Look for Miss January 1966 Judy Tyler in the art and photo magazine *Photo RX*. . . . Miss June 1994 Elan Carter has made an HBO movie, *Divorce*, and was recently on the cover of *Black Men* magazine. . . . Kimberly Donley, Miss March 1993, is doing commercials, most recently for Lexus on the Internet and Molson beer on TV. . . . Because of her role in the Russ Meyer cult classic, Miss December 1968 Cynthia Myers still receives requests to autograph *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* movie memorabilia. If you have items that you'd like to have Cynthia personalize, write to her at P.O. Box 901358, Palmdale, California 93590-1358.

— GRAPEVINE —

Anita, Les and Slash: Pickin' and Grinnin'

Check out ANITA COCHRAN's debut CD, *Back to You*, for some serious electric guitar, then hope guitar master LES PAUL (below, left) and former Guns n' Roses guitar-

ist SLASH team up again soon to put their chops to *Mustang Sally*. With so much of music lite, we salute the guitar gods and goddesses who play that funky stuff.



© PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE

© PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE

Joanne's Jolly Good

Readers of the British tab the *Sun* can feast their eyes on JOANNE GUEST on Page Three. She's just a regular Jo who plays pool, drinks beer and eats fish and chips. But Joanne is a queen to her public.

Arms and the Man

JOHN MELLENCAMP says he feels like he knows less than he ever did, which may explain why *Mr. Happy Go Lucky* is so good. Mellencamp teamed up with New York dance club mixer and producer Junior Vasquez to create his loosest groove yet.



© A. BRITTON/SONA

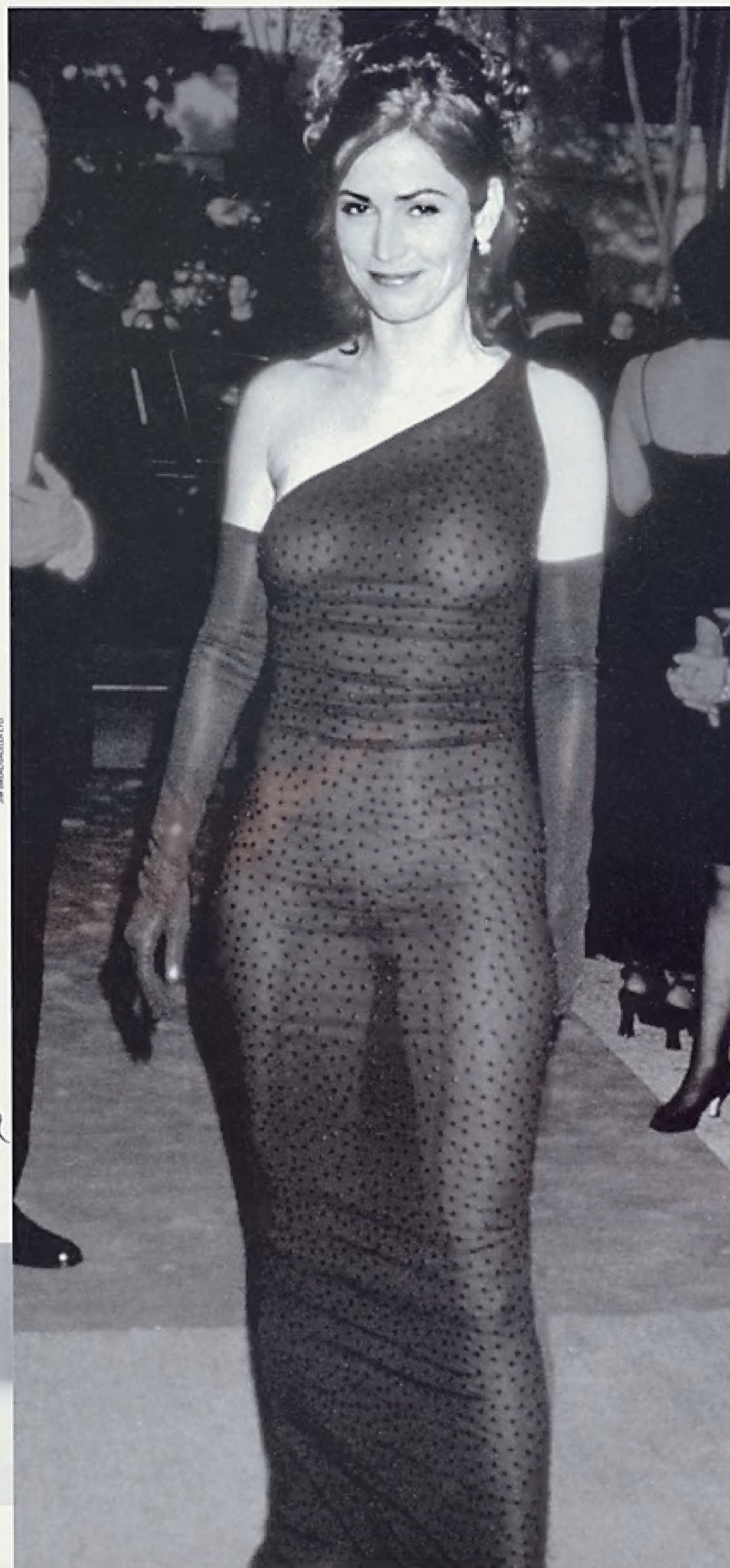


The Way She Wears Her Hat

CHRISTINE HUENEBURG has been modeling and promoting beer at Miller events and on its 1997 poster calendar. We'll drink to that.

Lace, Grace and a Beautiful Face

KIM DELANEY, the new Revlon spokesmodel (a.k.a. Detective Russell on *NYPD Blue*), has bewitched Bobby Simone. You will also find her in *Temptress*, a PLAYBOY-produced movie on video. We found her undressed to the nines at a celebrity bash. Aren't we lucky?



A Hawaiian Punch

DEE OLIVAS is hanging out in Hawaii, acting on *Baywatch* and promoting Coors, *Lowrider* magazine and Venus Swimwear. Aloha.



JIM MICAL/GALLERIA LTD.

© RANDALL TANNER

NEXT MONTH



MISS AUGUST



WHAT WOMEN WANT



BY GEORGE



L.A. DJ

BIKER BABES—THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, LEATHER AND SPEED TO KICK-START OUR AUGUST ISSUE. ENJOY OUR SIZZLING PICTORIAL, BUT DON'T FORGET YOUR SUNBLOCK—IT'S A SCORCHER

BEYOND DOG—PACKING HEAT. WEARING DISGUISES. DEALING WITH NEO-NAZI SURFER DUDES. A DANGEROUS TRIP THROUGH FLORIDA IS BUSINESS AS USUAL FOR BOBBY SQUARED, SHEILA AND THEIR DOG, HOSHI. FICTION BY **PAT JORDAN**

BILL MAHER—THE POLITICAL PUNDIT WHO PUT COMEDY CENTRAL ON THE MAP IS NOW A MAJOR-NETWORK OVERLORD. IT'S HIS TURN IN THE HOT SEAT. A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

MORAL MEDICINE—PHYSICIANS ARE IN TROUBLE AND PATIENTS IN TERRIBLE PAIN ARE TURNING TO DR. KEVORKIAN. A SHOCKING STORY ABOUT DEA MEDDLING BY **KATHERINE EBAN FINKELSTEIN**

MEN'S HELP!—THE MAGAZINE THAT CRIES TO BE PUBLISHED. COLONS OF STEEL? GYM ERECTIONS? LEARN TO PLAY THOSE WASHBOARD ABS—JUST DON'T LET ON WHERE YOU READ IT. HUMOR BY **ROBERT S. WIEDER**

JASON ALEXANDER—AS *SEINFELD* WINDS DOWN, THE ACTOR WHO PLAYS GEORGE COSTANZA WINDS UP FOR A MAJOR CAREER OFFENSIVE. THE MAN HAS TALENT, AND SOME PECULIAR HABITS. A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **BOB DAILY**

NORM MACDONALD—OFF CAMERA, THE "FAKE NEWS" ANCHOR FROM *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE* IS A GENUINE GUY WHO LIKES BOB DOLE, HATES CELEBRITY GOLF TOURNAMENTS AND IS AFRAID OF STALKERS. TWENTY QUESTIONS BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

IN BED WITH WOMEN'S MAGAZINES—WHEN IT COMES TO SEX, *COSMO* READERS WANT MORE, *GLAMOUR* GIRLS CRAVE ACTION AND *LHJ* LADIES ARE GOOD TO GO. **GLENN O'BRIEN** FINDS THE KEY TO A WOMAN'S PSYCHE AT HIS NEWSSTAND

COOL LONDON—IT HAS BECOME THE CAPITAL OF EVERYTHING THAT'S HIP AND SMART, FROM FASHION TO CLUBS TO MUSIC. TAKE OUR EXCLUSIVE TOUR OF THE ANGLO ELITE

PLUS: MUST-HAVE TRAVEL GADGETS, A REVISIT WITH **HELENA ANTONACCIO**, A MOUTHWATERING LOOK AT LOS ANGELES' HOTTEST DJ AND OUR ODE TO THIS SUMMER'S TANNED AND TONED BATHING BEAUTIES